UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Lest the Living Forget - *A. Powell Davies*

The Securities of Humanism - - - - - - - - - *A. Eustace Haydon*

Two Streams in Religion - *Peter H. Samsom*

Nuremburg - - - - - *Henry Holm*

A Young German Looks at His Generation - - - - - - *Eduard Grosse, Jr.*

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CURTIS W. REESE, *Editor*

Contributors

A. Powell Davies: Minister of All Souls' Church, Washington, D. C.

Eduard Grosse, Jr.: Editor of *Horizont,* Berlin.

A. Eustace Haydon: Leader of the Chicago Ethical Society; formerly head of the Department of Comparative Religions, University of Chicago.

Henry Holm: Correspondent for the *Worldover Press.*

F. H. Amphlett Micklewright: Minister of Cross St. Chapel, Manchester, England.

Peter H. Samsom: Minister of the First Unitarian Church of San Diego, California.

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Pattern of Unity

Whether we wish it or not an indelible pattern of unity has been woven into the society of mankind. There is not an area of activity in which this cannot be illustrated. An American soldier wounded on a battlefield in the Far East owes his life to a Japanese scientist, Kitasato, who isolated the germ of tetanus. A Russian soldier saved by a blood transfusion is indebted to Lansteiner, an Austrian. A German soldier is shielded from typhoid fever with the help of the Russian Metchnikoff. A Dutch marine in the East Indies is protected from malaria because a Frenchman, Pasteur, and a German, Koch, elaborated a new technique. . . In peace, as well as in war, we are all of us the debtors of contributions to knowledge made by every nation in the world. Our children are guarded from diphtheria by what a Japanese and a German did; they are protected from smallpox by an Englishman's work; they are saved from rabies because of a Frenchman. . . From birth to death they are surrounded by an invisible host —the spirits of men who never thought in terms of boundary or flags—who never served a lesser loyalty than the welfare of mankind. . . Ideas can never be hedged in behind the geographical barriers. Thought cannot be nationalized. . . The things that divide us are trivial compared with the things that unite us.

—From Rockefeller Foundation Report for 1941.

Brotherhood Week
February 16-23, 1947

The National Conference of Christians and Jews announces the 14th annual observance of National Brotherhood Week, to occur February 16-23, 1947. The theme is "Brotherhood—Pattern for Peace." Program aids for use in church schools, young people's societies, and adult groups may be secured by writing to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, New York. Materials are adapted to all age levels. Plays, discussion topics, book lists and other types of literature, and visual aids are available.

UNITY

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EDITORIAL

Whatever may have been true in the heat of warfare, in the cool sobriety of the morning after no thoughtful American or Russian can get any satisfaction from reflecting on the mass evacuation of citizens from the Pacific Coast and from the Volga. Aside from the hardships and injustices wrought upon the victims of mass evacuation, there was a basic undermining of confidence in the rights of citizens that can never be fully repaired.

But bad as was mass evacuation inside a country, the mass deportation now going on in Europe is worse. People whose roots have been embedded in the soil of their native land for generations are being uprooted with ruthless disregard for elementary justice, and transplanted in foreign soil or left there to wither and die. Geography triumphs over genealogy. All of which goes on despite the Atlantic Charter and the Five Freedoms. And while the immediate blame may be placed at the doors of Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, the United States and Great Britain have at least given tacit approval and cannot dodge responsibility at the bar of history. The damage is done. But liberal democrats should at least know in their own hearts and proclaim to the world that such behavior is utterly uncivilized and cannot be justified. From the point of view of liberal democracy this is crucial. Liberals may realize that world politics is complex, that power politics is in control, and that there is a choice between evils, but they must not fool themselves into thinking that might makes right.

Moreover, liberals need to have their consciences stirred over the wickedness of slave labor even when performed by prisoners of war—especially a year and a half after the war is over. When victory is won, prisoners of war should be freed. It is not right to penalize individual soldiers for the misdeeds of their governments. We may fully recognize the devastation that was wrought by the aggressor and the justice of reparation; but we should make it clear that whatever reparation is due should be paid by the total economy of the aggressor, and not be collected from the forced labor of young men who were forced into battle in the first place. Such human sacrifice should be outlawed as the relic of barbarism that it is. Liberals should know this and should say so unmistakably.

Under mass evacuation, mass deportation, and mass slavery are the assumptions that national origin determines patriotism, and that there is mass responsibility for guilt. Both assumptions are false and vicious. The indiscriminate penalizing of the innocent with the guilty cannot be justified and should not be excused.

It is to be hoped that 1947 will witness the rebirth of liberty in the heart of the liberal.

Curtis W. Reese.

Lest the Living Forget*

A. POWELL DAVIES

Once again, we renew our annual observance. For twenty-eight years now, the eleventh day of November and the Sunday preceding have been set aside as days of remembrance. Sometimes, they have also been days of heartsearching, occasions of remorse that so little had been done to build the structure of peace upon the foundation of a costly victory. That was in the period between the two World Wars. Since the beginning of the second World War, the emphasis has been upon reconsecration to the purposes which the first World War was not sufficient to achieve. The actual aims which might fulfill these purposes have been conceived in many varying ways. At one time, in America, the best method was believed to be aloofness from other nations' troubles, but today all that is changed. This at least is widely recognized: that peace and security are indivisible throughout the earth—and that the United States must take a leading part in trying to bring about a warless world.

Whether the people as a whole are more confident of accomplishing this purpose than they were ten or fifteen or twenty years ago is a question that cannot be lightly answered, but that they wish to accomplish it is a fact beyond all doubt. Never was the hope of lasting peace so ardent; and never was there so much reason for preventing wars. If at one time it may have seemed that Americans, at any rate, were free to choose how far they would go in making and maintaining peace throughout the world—the question being one of how benevolent the nation wished to be—it is obvious that for Americans, too, the question is one of survival. Those who are not benevolent in the day of their opportunity will often find the issue narrowed down at last to one of self-preservation. This happens to privileged classes who refuse to heed the call for justice until they are faced with the threat of revolution. It also happens to nations. If we refuse the claims of conscience in the day when choices are wide and freedom of action is unfettered, we must face in the end the day of compulsion, the time when we do, not what we wish but what we must, or, if we fail to do it, perish. And in the United States, that is the day that has come to us. Either we join with other nations in the sacrifices that build up peace, or by refusing we share with them the wars that will result in final ruin. It is a narrowed choice compared with twenty years ago. If we fail in wisdom or falter in resolve, it will be narrower still five years from now.

But that, as I say, the people largely understand. They want peace desperately. They are willing to do a great deal to get it. And yet, somehow, in spite of all that is being attempted, they know that what is necessary is not being done. What is it that is missing?

I was pondering that question last week, as I have pondered it a thousand times before, when suddenly it occurred to me that the thing that is most deeply lacking in our policy and purpose is the same thing that has always been lacking in our Armistice Day observances. I have searched for words to describe it, simple words that if we could once speak them and hear them would make it impossible for us to forget. But I do not think I have found such words and I must use the best I have.

In our Armistice Day commemoration, from the very beginning in 1919, we have not been willing to remember—*really* remember—what it was that the day was intended to revive. We did not wish to *feel* the actual, awful sense of death—the death of millions who had perished that other millions might go on with their lives. We were simply giving new emphasis to an ancient usage. We were survivors. When a war is over, those who live have always felt the need to pay a tribute to the dead. We reminded ourselves of that; and we stood for a moment's silence. A moment that was much too brief—and, I am afraid, much too silent. If something was trying to reach our hearts, really reach them, the silence numbed it and we kept ourselves from knowing what it was.

We wanted to be reverent. To speak the familiar words that had always honored what was sacred. We wanted to invite an interval of gratitude, to bear the momentary pain of knowing that it might have been ourselves who died, that only chance and circumstance provided otherwise, that those who perished shared an equal right to live. We owed them something for the breath we breathe, for the pulse of life still beating in us, for the future stretching out ahead. And so we bowed ourselves in gratitude, and let our thankfulness pervade the moment's fleeting recollection.

We wanted, also, to mingle pain with solace, to soften tragedy with beauty. Death is a bleak and awful fact; we felt the need to see it interfused with life, its ugliness transfigured by the poetry of the living mind. Then we could bear to think about it.

The weakness of our hearts required these things—and custom had prescribed them. But all the while, something deeper, something far more true but also far more terrible was trying to reach us. We were afraid of it. We did not want to remember that the dead could not receive our tribute. Wherever they were, in some other heavenly world or mingled with the dust of this world, they had passed beyond the need of gratitude. No reverence could confer upon them any benefit. Nothing that we did or failed to do could touch them.

And so—except for those whose loss was personal, whose homes were bereft, whose hearts were intimately stricken—the observance was an act of protection for ourselves. We commemorated not to prolong remembrance but to abbreviate it, not to deepen it but to dispel it. The act of remembrance, no matter how solemn, was in the last analysis an act of dismissal. It brought relief, perhaps necessary relief. But nonetheless, let us be honest. We relieved not only the heart but the conscience, too. By doing what we did in an act of remembrance, on a day of commemoration, we made it easier to avoid remembrance when we were back beneath the blueness of the sky, back in the midst of our own lives, full to the brim of our cherished plans, our personal interests. We did not want to remember for very long and we did not want remembrance to travel very widely. Just as people find it a great relief to carve remembrance into stone, to deck it out with pomp and circumstance, so that they can localize it, fix it in time and place and thereby take leave of it in further thought, abandon it in obligation,

*A sermon by the Reverend A. Powell Davies, All Souls' Church, Unitarian, Washington, D. C. Preached at the Service of Sunday, November 10, 1946, to which wide newspaper publicity was given—some of which was not entirely correct. This version is an exact transcription of what was said from the pulpit.

obscure it in resolve—so did we with our Armistice Day.

If it be otherwise, will someone tell me how it happens that the dead of the world's great wars are so soon forgotten and the purposes they fought for so bitterly betrayed? How does it happen that what is so proudly celebrated in oratory exerts so little influence upon policy?

The truth is, and I am going to say it, that we shrink from standing in the trenches, in the jungles, on the beaches, where death came. We are terrified even in imagination from crouching in a foxhole in that last moment before the end comes. We do not want—we cannot bear—to feel the actual, awful, chilling fact of death: the death that bought us freedom and made us safe as we looked towards tomorrow.

If we had felt it, really felt it, we could not have borne to be silent. We would have cried out against the foulness of it, that we could let this fearful thing happen to millions of men, young men, who breathed the breath we breathe, whose pulses ran even as ours, who loved life just as we do—that we could let this happen, and then just go on living again. Just go on letting evil pile upon evil, greed upon greed, folly upon folly: while we did nothing. Nothing really. The whole of our future had been stained with blood, blood that we could not wash off, and so we pretended that the color of blood was just one of the bright colors of history, part of the pageantry of life; and even this not being enough, we allowed it to become actually trivial. In the 1920s, we surrendered all sacredness, the sacredness of the life that had been redeemed for us, and rather than face the truth imprinted in the national conscience, we threw away that conscience; rather than feel the pain we could not separate from our souls, we threw away our souls. In the 1930s, being conscienceless and soulless, we trembled for our animal existence, we feared that another war was threatening what was left of us—our bodies; and so, as far as we could and as much as we could, we ran away. Half of our people were still running away from the war in the West when they suddenly collided with the war in the East. They were pretending that the Hitler in front of us was not quite real when the stunning reality of Pearl Harbor suddenly struck us in the back.

You can give me a hundred reasons why it happened—political, economic, diplomatic and all the rest. I am afraid I have to say that I know them all. But the reason beneath all other reasons, the fundamental cause was this: that we in America, just like the people of other countries—we for a longer time, they for a shorter—were refusing at any price to let the reality of the cost of the first World War truly reach us. We wanted, above everything else, to avoid the thing that lay at the heart of our Armistice Day remembrance, the thing that was trying to speak to us, to overwhelm us with its claim; the thing that war was, *really* was, to those who never came back from it. Death. Death in its loneliness. Death for a tomorrow its victims would never share. A tomorrow the survivors desecrated.

We had our Armistice Day; our commemorations; our acts of remembrance; but we kept reality at a safe distance—even in the churches. And outside the churches, it was often just a vulgar celebration.

And so the second World War came, and its anguish was greater than the first. Because of it we want peace. We want peace desperately. We are afraid. We are trying to translate our fears into action, into aims, into purposes; but it is mostly our fears that we *are* translating. Yes, our *fears*! Through fear, we are appeasing tyrannies that no appeasement will ever satisfy; through fear, we have ceased to call right, right; and wrong, wrong. Whether it be our own right and wrong, or that of our opponents. Just as we left the Fascist tyranny in Spain, so we are excusing the Soviet tyrannies in other countries. It is largely our fear upon which the structure of the United Nations is built, with its veto power, its undiminished national sovereignties, its timidity in all respects. Do not misunderstand me. I am not wishing that we would dissolve the United Nations. It is all we have. What I am saying is that until we put some courage, some faith, some moral conviction into the United Nations, it will never be more than it is today. Its structure truly represents us as we are at present. When our faith in freedom is stronger than our fear, we shall put courage into the United Nations, and we shall put it into all our policies.

When we turn from fear to courage, from moral drifting to conviction, we shall understand plainly that there is a struggle in this world to decide whether freedom or despotism shall shape its future. While freedom remains defensive, despotism will grow; nor will defensiveness prevent another war. Freedom that is defensive will in the end invite attack. Only aggressive freedom holds the hope of preventing war. And such a belief in it—such a belief in liberty and justice and the equal brotherhood of free men—as shall shape all our policies, both to friend and less than friend; such a conviction as in everything will unite us with the free people of every nation, and especially with the free people of free nations—to extend, as peaceably as we may, the liberty without which the world of man has no future but that of death and desolation.

But to believe these things, it is not just a matter of weighing facts and balancing opinions. It is a matter of that deep, inner realization I spoke of. The realization that human life is not a trivial thing for which some must trivially die that others may trivially live. You cannot in reason justify the death of some that others may live for trifling purposes. Or even that they may live just for their own purposes. I tell you again, the blood of millions has stained the whole human future, and the stain cannot be washed out. There **is** only one worthy thing we can do with it: see it plainly and live our lives in the realization of it. Live them to make the future good enough to deserve the cost at which it was bought.

I say once more, it is not enough that our policies be based on fear: the fear that gives us the United Nations and no more, on the one hand, and that makes us build up stocks of atom bombs on the other. Not that I am one who would disarm us in the actual world in which we live. Without the atom bomb, we would be virtually defenseless even now. That is the wretchedness of our situation. Because we are acting only from fear, we are obliged to do the things that fear commands. Only when we act from courage, the courage of those who have opened their hearts to the sacredness of life, who have given their full allegiance once more to the ancient cause of liberty, who are determined that no matter what may happen to their own lives, the great commanding purpose of all human life shall be obeyed—only when that has happened shall we begin to win the world we long for: the world of lasting peace. You

cannot base peace on anything but justice; you cannot base it on anything that compromises liberty. When we have allowed the meaning of the wars we have fought to possess our souls: the meaning that can only come to us when we have accepted, fully and agonizingly, the awful fact of death: the violent, evil, utterly unrighteous destruction of the millions we allowed to die that we might go on living—go on living as cowards instead of as men and women—men and women in whom is breathed the spirit of the living God—when we have allowed this meaning to possess us, when we have let the reality of it truly reach and overwhelm us: then perhaps we shall begin to be such people as can command the future. Such people as can make a peaceful world, because we are ready to make a good world, a just world, a free world. And make it out of our faith, not out of our fears.

How close are we to it? I do not know. For many years now, as occasion has offered and as I have been able to find the words, I have made in one way or another, this same plea. As a young minister in London, in the first year of my ministry, when I preached my first Armistice Day sermon, I tried to say what came to me from the same insight—not as full, perhaps, in those days as today, but still very much the same. And I watched a number of people get up and walk out of the church. I did not know in those days that such of us as feel compelled to say these things are rather few in number. I have learned it since. I learned it in 1939 when I came back from Europe in a blacked-out ship and tried to tell the simple truth from pulpit and platform. But I soon learned that I must say no more, not much more, anyway, than people were willing to know and able to bear. So it was with each of us who knew that all things, including war and peace, are settled not by diplomacy and policies, but by the conscience of the people, by what is accepted and rejected in the soul. In the soul!

So I say that I do not know how close we are to the needed realization, to this thing of the heart and conscience that I have struggled to put into simple words this morning. I think we see more clearly. I do not know how ready we are to take the consequences of what we see.

I do know that at times something happens that steeps the soul in bitterness. I do not mean at the peace conferences or at the meetings of the United Nations, though it is often bad enough. I mean in the things that are natural, genuine symptoms of a nation's moral health. I have with me here in the pulpit this morning, a page from a newspaper. From a very fine newspaper. It contains a picture—as it seems to me, an utterly loathsome picture. If I spoke as I feel, I would call it obscene. I do not blame the newspaper for printing the picture, or the photographer for taking it. What fills me with bitterness is the fact that such an event could take place at all. It is a picture of two high naval officers and a very beautiful lady. They are in the act of cutting what is called an atom-bomb cake. And it is indeed a cake shaped in the form of an atomic explosion. The caption says it is made of tiny angel food puffs. I do not know how to tell you what I feel about that picture. I only hope to God it is not reprinted in Russia—to confirm everything the Soviet Government has been telling the Russian people about how "American degenerates" are able to treat with levity the most cruel, pitiless, revolting instrument of death ever invented by man.

How would it seem in Hiroshima, or in Nagasaki, to know that Americans make cakes—of angel food puffs—in the image of that terrible, diabolical thing that brought sudden death to thousands of their friends, and a lingering, loathsome death to thousands of others. It is a crime—a crime against whatever may be left of decency here in America—to do this incredible thing. It is the most corrupt and rotten thing I have seen in eighteen years of living in this land I love—and which, to me, is the only hope for the human future on this globe. The naval officers concerned should apologize to the armed service of which they are a part, and to the American people. No apology would be sufficient to efface what it may mean to the people of the world.

If you do not understand this, then may God awaken you! Try to imagine yourself for a moment—for a moment at least—a continental European, wondering, brooding, asking yourself a hundred times a day: Will America lead us? Is there enough decency left in the world, enough conscience left in America, to lead us back to hope, back to liberty, back to being human beings again? Try to imagine yourself day by day appealed to by Soviet propaganda, but still hoping—still having faith in America. In America, the one great, free country, the one land where war has not brutalized the people. Faith in America—try to imagine yourself half-starved, half-dehumanized, but holding on to this faith. Then imagine yourself being shown this picture!

If I had the authority of a priest of the Middle Ages, I would call down the wrath of God upon such an obscenity, such a monstrous betrayal of everything for which the broken-hearted of the world are waiting. But—perhaps fortunately—I have no such authority. And so I only pray that God will give me patience and compassion. That I may be just—and merciful—and humble. And still speak the truth that is in me. . . . But the truth, what is it?

O America! The writing is on the wall! You are to be weighed in the balances! What is there left for the world if God and man should find you wanting?

America! On the beaches of Normandy, the blood of your sons sank into the sand. And the tides came and washed it into all the oceans of the world. From the Channel to the Rhine—death! And again and again, death! To boys who wanted to live; boys who went out from America; who gave us the future; who gave us the leadership of the world! And in the lands where their broken bodies lie beneath the soil, the despairing wait and hope; in sickness of body and sickness of soul.

In the islands of the Pacific. In defeated Japan. In China. Through all the East. They wait and hope. Hungry. Hungry in body. Hungry in soul.

And the world's newest tyranny is telling them, "Give up your hope in freedom, in democracy, in the justice of the West! Give up your hope in America!" And tomorrow, the world's newest tyranny could show them this picture, and say, "Didn't we tell you so? To the rest of us, death! Death and devastation! To the 'degenerate' United States, atom-bomb cake fashioned of tiny angel food puffs, delivered by motor from St. Louis, to be cut at a party by an Admiral and his wife, while another Admiral stands by."

There are times when I wish that it had been given to me as to some others to wait in a foxhole somewhere—and die. Such a death, when at last it comes, is so wonderfully clean. I think I could have said, "Well, this is the way it has to be—and now, with God be the rest." And I believe in God.

But to me—as to you; to you, also, dear friends—falls the task of saying over and over again: "America, the world is waiting for you. Waiting as the world never waited before. All mankind is waiting for you. God is waiting for you. But not forever. Not forever. This is your day, your briefly shining day of opportunity: this is the day of your destiny. How long, America, how long?

The Securities of Humanism

A. EUSTACE HAYDON

The children of men had a wonderful galaxy of divine helpers to give them security during the long cultural childhood of our race. The sky was close to the earth and spiritual beings moved back and forth to guide, advise, rescue, and console the earth-dwellers. All peoples had their own special divine friends and found security under their protection in time-honored ways. Yahweh, of Israel, ruling from high heaven imposed his will upon history and threaded all the events of time upon the cord of his beneficent purpose. There were times, the Rabbis tell us, when the angels of the nations complained in his court of his favoritism to the Jews; but, after all, they were his chosen people. They were safe in his care.

Believers in Buddhism were provided with an array of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas in numbers beyond naming. They were specialized to meet every human need. Loveliest of all were the Buddha Amitabba of the Western Paradise of Bliss and Avalokiteshvara, his companion, who hurried to help all who called upon him in distress on land or sea, in times of danger and desperate need. At the end, he carried the pilgrims who had finished their journey through life to the home of eternal happiness in Amitabba's heaven. In China, as Kuan-Yin, he became the Goddess of Mercy, a universal providence, ever-present friend of the poor and helpless. India's millions were also surrounded by the protective security of a multitude of kindly gods. The Hindu intellectuals, however, demanded more than the lesser deities could give. Caught on the wheel of rebirth, driven from life to life under the whip of Karma, they were unwilling to trust their destiny to the hands of any of the gods. On mystic wings they soared to blend their souls with the timeless, ineffable Absolute. They found security in the most daring of optimisms—the assertion of oneness with Eternal Being.

In Islam, the omnipotent Allah gave complete security to the faithful by his absolute will. Every event was predetermined by him. Everything that happened, happened because he willed it. Kismet, "it is fated," was the seal upon the past, and all the future, for good or ill, would be ordered by him. The Moslem could sing, more wholeheartedly than the Christian:

> Ill that he blesses is my good,
> And unblessed good is ill.
> And all is right that seems most wrong,
> If it be his sweet will.

In their quest for security, Christians made greater demands upon their god for mercy, for forgiveness, for grace and loving care. Through the centuries they have shown a sublime confidence in his providence. In times of sorrow they have been able to snuggle in cozy security in the enfoldment of his everlasting arms.

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world.

All the peoples of the world, during past ages, wrapped themselves in the security of divine protection. We know now that these gods who played their roles in the human drama were molded by man to meet his needs. The security they provided was emotionally satisfying rather than intellectually valid, compensatory rather than actual. It furnished psychological assurance to the lonely individual, not social security. The gods grew great and powerful by feeding on broken hopes and thwarted desires. The more helpless man felt himself to be, the more powerful his gods became. No one with sympathy and understanding will make light of the service this childhood faith rendered to man in the ages when he had no adequate knowledge, no efficient tools, no methods of mastery. When he sat amidst the ashes of his burned-out ideals, or wept among the ruins of his hard-won culture, this faith may have kept the fire of hope burning and heartened him to scale the slope from which a new ideal beckoned. It may also have made him more dependent and retarded the coming of the age of self-reliant maturity. There are those who say that the feeling of divine care in times of sorrow has made them more effective at their daily tasks. There are others who claim that the assurance of divine support has made them practical workers in remaking the world. These claims are undoubtedly valid. It is also true that men, bracing their shoulders against the arm of God have brought woe and desolation to the world and their fellows by identifying their own will with the will of God. There is no reason to deny the comfort of divine security to one who still can find it, so long as it does not cut the nerve of effort and lead to defeatism in the presence of apparently insoluble problems. When the old securities serve as anaesthesia or opiate for human troubles they stand in the way of achievement of real securities. They are a betrayal of the human cause when they mean failure of nerve, resignation, surrender, the evasion rather than the acceptance of responsibility.

The multitude of heavenly friends who peopled the early world have been fading into oblivion before the brilliant light of modern knowledge. Faith in these personal cosmic companions has grown dim for an ever-increasing number of modern men. Reaction to this loss of security has taken many forms. Matthew Arnold advised a firm mooring to moral values. When the old anchors drift and the headlands are obscured in the fog of doubt, when the familiar gods grow nebulous, we may be sure still that "it is better to be just than unjust, better to be kind than unkind, better to be noble than ignoble."

Henley's reaction was more defiant:

> It matters not how straight the gate,
> How lined with punishment the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate.
> I am the captain of my soul.

This cry is in the spirit of Greek tragedy—the lonely human soul confronted by inexorable Fate, certain of ultimate defeat yet standing proudly with unbowed head while the inevitable doom rolls over him. This kind of security, finding peace by brave acceptance of

the worst, is possible only for a few hardy individuals. After all, no man is master of his fate. We are wrapped in a single bundle of life with all our fellows. The tightly-woven threads of the social network bind us and dictate the channelling of our desires. A deed done on the other side of the world affects us for weal or woe. A thread pulled by a cruel hand makes our nerves wince with pain. Real security for the individual can come only by the perfecting of the social pattern.

In the long view of history it is now clear that man won his right to try for mastery of the planet because he early learned the practice of cooperation and mutual aid. All the genuine values that have made human life worthful through the centuries have been provided by social institutions—the joint family, the village, the guild, and all the modifications of the primary group which controlled and channelled individual desires to fulfillment. The gods added psychic security, an emotional glow, to the practical securities on the earthly level. The Humanist bases his hope for the success of the human enterprise upon the amelioration, purification, and completion of the social enfoldment of man.

The key words in Humanist security are "at-homeness" and "togetherness"—at-homeness in the universe and togetherness with all one's fellows. Man is not a transient visitor on the planet. He belongs here. The roots of his life run back millions of years into the past. The planet came to consciousness with power to direct the course of its own future in man. In our physical make-up we are one with the material of the far-ranging universe. In our biological structure we reach back into the fathomless depths of evolutionary development. We are the bearers of two immortal heritages—the biological and the social. The biological heritage gives the guaranty that in spite of all the failures of any generation, through the portals of birth will come a fresh wave of life, unspoiled and eager to try for nobler living. The social heritage enshrines all the values that have been won by unnumbered ages in man's cultural climb. Individuals are born into it, shaped and molded by it, alter it for good or ill. They drop from the ranks of the living. It goes on. These social institutions, customs, and habits have a remarkable tenacity. Through the long centuries they have been conservative, stubbornly resistant to change. Prophets and reformers have broken their hearts wrestling with the evils embedded in the good old ways. In modern times the forces of change have shaken the pillars of the ancient structures and prepared the way for this generation to build the social order into nobler and more beautiful forms. Our task is to conserve the living values of the past, remove the evils and add our new values to create a worthier social conditioning for the next wave of young life.

We shall find real security, all the security the adventurous human spirit ought to have, when we orient our total society to the central theme of human history—man's quest for joy in living. Then every phase of civilization and culture will be challenged to loyal service of the commonweal. Then the social environment will be a constant allurement for the release of all the potentialities of human nature and the development of man's creative powers. Then democratic, social controls will lead desires to ends that spell well-being. Then the long-revered values of justice, love, brotherhood, and peace will be integrated in social habits. Life will be meaningful and every individual will have the sense of worthfulness. We shall win honor and prestige and gratitude because of our contributions to the values of a shared life. In that society the comfort and consolations the gods could give might be no longer needed. "Sick souls" would be a rarity and there need be no longer the despairing, the helpless, and the weakling. Then we may sing and dream at our labors, accept meaningful pain, and welcome self-sacrifice for the common cause.

Sorrows would come, as they inevitably must come to all men. There would be the crises of life, the sudden strokes of disaster beyond man's power to control. But in the society of the Humanist's vision man would be a providence to his fellows. He could no longer commit them to the care of God or explain their troubles by the rule of Karma, or with shrugging shoulders whisper the word "Kismet." There would be an acceptance of responsibility for mutual helpfulness, a natural expression of brotherly kindness and good will, Walt Whitman's "dear love of comrades." It will be a warmer, safer, sunnier world for the lonely wayfarer.

Much of the Humanist's hope for security comes from his confidence that the new society will be a thinking democracy, sure in its knowledge and tested methods in the presence of any problem. The drift from disaster that has characterized the history of human civilization is no longer necessary. Man is equipped for control. Creative intelligence can light the way. Such a democracy could not be stampeded. It could not be exploited. It would open all channels to light and understanding. It would challenge all injustice. Maladjustments could only be temporary since the means of redress would always be at hand.

We have arrived now at the point in world history when we may hope to see the values for which the gods stood integrated in social institutions of planetary scope. In their essential meaning the gods embodied man's hope that his cherished ideals might at last be realized. They embodied his faith that the universe was on his side, that good would triumph over evil at the last. They meant a wise hand on the helm of history, a beneficent providence, and an unwavering will to divide between good and evil. Out of the travail of an anguished generation the signs emerge to the realization in social structure of a mind, a heart, and conscience for the world. The organization of the United Nations gives promise that we may have the best intelligence of man focused upon our problems so that we may move into the future with more confident stride. Instead of trusting that a purpose lies hidden beneath the chaos of events we may hope to put a human purpose into the future history of man. In the organizations for research we can visualize the dawning of a world providence that will care for the backward, the depressed, the frustrated peoples everywhere. The beginnings are already established of a world conscience, with its core in international law and its promise of a universal code of ethics to guide the race into a more humane tomorrow.

Basic to Humanist security is faith in man, faith in the human cause, and unswerving loyalty to the quest that man has never abandoned through all the storm-swept ages—the quest for a joyous life in a world made good. When they reported to Carlyle that Margaret Fuller had said, "I accept the universe," the dour philosopher remarked, "Gad, she'd better." To which Professor Max Otto rejoins, "Gad, she'd better not."

In this age of mechanism and atomic power, when human will, directed to selfish ends, may tear the fabric of civilization to tatters, only reckless irresponsibility could rest in the lazy assurance that "all's right with the world." Nothing could be more dangerous than to believe and act on the faith that "all things work together for good." Man must build his securities into social structure or perish through his own futility. The lash of necessity writhes and hisses and snaps over the heads of modern men. We have all the tools and resources needful to build the good society. The invitation is extended to us to enter upon an era of abundance and cultural creativeness. But there may be a time limit. If we delay too long, the strong gods of the past will have no power to ward off the day of doom.

Two Streams in Religion

PETER H. SAMSOM

Have you ever found yourself discussing religion with someone of quite different views from your own and apparently getting nowhere? Probably this is one of the most common of experiences; two minds tackling a question which involves religion and failing to find any common ground, or even to understand what the other is driving at. We have all had the feeling after a long argument which generated more heat than light, that it is not much use arguing about religion. Many people whose views are fixed and unalterable, realizing that others have quite different ideas which are also fixed, have long since decided never to argue about or even to discuss religion, for the effort is fruitless. Some of my Catholic and Christian Scientist friends are among those who take this view. Others, with no religious convictions at all, seek to avoid such encounters for they have come to feel that there is something about religion itself which defeats intelligent discussion. It is an unwritten law of our polite society that religion is a subject to be avoided; it is in bad taste and he who brings it up is looked on as a bit of a boor or, at least, a bore.

But there are still others to whom religion is a matter of fundamental importance in human life, a subject that we cannot afford to avoid. Many of our vital problems, at first sight not religious at all, lead straight to a religious issue when followed through. It may be that this is what General MacArthur had in mind when he made his remarkable statement in Tokyo Bay that the problem of the world's future peace is basically theological. Some of us see religion, despite its follies, as still central to the good life, and avoiding it because of the disagreements it causes does not help to bring clarity to a confused business. Some of us believe that religion is so vital in human affairs that it is worth the effort of bringing to it our intelligence, our reason, and our patience.

Now, if there is something about religion itself which somehow turns discussions into arguments, if religion is the kind of thing that two people can discuss for hours without leaving their respective mental cubbyholes and standing on the same ground or even looking into the other fellow's corner, then there must be some good reason for it and it is worth inquiring why this is so. We are not ready to admit that there is any field of human concern impervious to a reasonable approach, where men are not freed by a new grasp on truth.

It was a shock to many to read what a leading American minister in a great denomination recently said about Christianity after America had loosed the atomic bomb on two crowded Japanese cities and Christian leaders hastened to justify the act in terms of expediency and at the same time predicting doom for the human race because, they claim, it has not the moral intelligence to handle such vast power. This minister had the courage to say that it was clear to him, and always had been clear to him, that Christianity had little or nothing to do with the religion of Jesus. His remark suggests some interesting lines of thought; one with which we are concerned is that religion to different people can mean utterly and totally different things, having nothing in common with each other except the name. It is possible to discuss it and argue about it, to get excited and even angry about it, and all the time to have in mind something completely different from what the other fellow means. Yes, you will say, there are certainly many different religions in the world and people can argue from now until Michaelmas without end or good result, but my meaning is deeper than that. I am suggesting that in religion itself, in every particular religion, there are two streams of meaning, two streams of thought and outlook, two attitudes that cut across the usual lines which divide us, effectively opening a chasm between men. This chasm is hard to breach and especially so when we are not aware it is there. Two streams in religion! Here is a possible ray of light upon the endless and futile dogmatic squabbles that have turned so many away from religion in sheer boredom. Here is light, furthermore, upon those vastly more important human realities: religious persecution, dogmatism, and resistance to human progress in science and society. Here, possibly, is light upon the nature of religion itself and the workings of the human mind.

What are these two streams in religion? Let me illustrate them in action before I try to say what they are. In Lewis Mumford's great work *The Condition of Man,* there is a penetrating observation, and quite a simple one, about Roman Catholicism. "By the 12th Century the Catholic Church had been transformed from a body of believers, as it was in the Apostolic age, to a machine for manufacturing salvation; salvation was protected by exclusive monopoly patents: the Christian dogmas." From a fellowship of believers to a machine for salvation! Here in a nutshell is the revolution which has not been limited to the Catholic Church but has occurred in one way or another in every religion the world has known. How shall we describe it? Shall we call it a change from the religion of the spirit to the religion of the letter? From the religion of actual experience to a second hand religion of authority and tradition? The difference between religion that is creative and religion that is only received and passively accepted? Yes, all of this and more is true. Something happens in every religion at some time which makes observant people aware that there are two streams in all religious experience, forever flowing side by side, forever struggling with each other for dominance over the human heart.

How shall we know them when we see them? At a distance they are not hard to tell apart; it is easy to trace their course in history. But the difficulty comes

when we try to tell them apart in our own minds and hearts, and in the live religious issues of our own time in which our own emotions are tied up. One of the perennial streams in religion flows down the ages, the stream of custom and conformity. So powerful is it that none is free of its undertow. It gathers its strength from the sheer weight of centuries of tradition; it carries along vast numbers of people by its very momentum; the hunger of the human heart for certainty adds to its strength. This is the stream of dogmas, creeds and theological systems, backed by divine authority and by their own majestic claims. This is the stream of rituals and ceremonials, of sacraments and mythologies, running deeply in men's hearts in grooves made smooth by immemorial custom handed down from generation to generation and loved because familiar. On the breast of this stream are found the millions to whom religion is simply revealed religion, to whom religion is nothing else. These are seldom moved to inquire very deeply into the foundations of their religion they profess to follow; it is enough that their priests and ministers are learned on these matters. The believers are happy to follow the guidance of these experts in religion, a sphere apart from and above the rest of human experience. The authority of the "experts" is accepted without question.

Very different is the second stream. Its sources are as far back in human experience; its flow is as steady, though usually not as powerful as that of the first stream. This second stream is a good deal harder to capture and describe in words, for it is very elusive. It has been called, "The Religion of the Spirit," by men conscious of its grandeur and depth; but "Religion of the Spirit" does not say definitely enough what this great stream in religion is and does and has meant to mankind. Better had we say, "creative religion," "free religion," "the religion of the heart and mind," "the living essence of religion," "religious experience as an immediate reality," "the religion of the eternal quest," continually breaking the fetters of tradition and seeking new paths of expression. And still we have not captured in words the fullness and richness of it.

Perhaps the best way to understand this second stream is to see it in action, as it has flowed its invigorating way through the affairs of men. How has it been expressed? First of all, the quest for new truth and a better understanding of life and its problems has always been found in this stream of religion as its keynote. Wherever men have sought to gird their religion with reason, to arm it with a love of truth, whatever the cost in emotional comfort, there has flowed the stream of essential religion. In this stream have been the heretics of all times, heretics such as Jesus and Socrates and all the great company of men who have disbelieved in order to believe more honestly and deeply. Here is the host of martyrs with such loyalty to the light that was in them that even death was preferable to the empty conformity which always lay open for them. These men and women poured the red blood of courage into this stream of real religion. And here, also, are the dissenters of later ages, when men were no longer executed for their beliefs, who accepted poverty and ostracism that religion might become freer, more joyous and more creative of the good life on the good earth, for their children if not for themselves. The quest for new and broader truth has marked the stream of essential religion.

Then the thirst for perfection, for ethical and moral betterment has sent into this stream an ever-fresh flow of life. The famous and the nameless men and women of character, who lived their religion of integrity, compassion and appreciation, and are quietly living it around and among us—the voices of the prophets calling men to new and brotherly ways of dealing with each other, to a new vision of their responsibilities for their less fortunate brother humans—the company of reformers who see and work for human institutions which shall keep up with human advances in knowledge and social sensitivity—all these express the thirst for ethical and social improvement that is so strong a current in the stream of genuine religion, and without which there is no religion worthy of a man's time and thought.

And what of the perennial urge to fellowship among men, always breaking ancient bonds and transcending old taboos, that human beings might enjoy an ever-broader, warmer and more inclusive friendship? Is this a part of creative religion, too? Here is the tie that binds the comradely spirits of all ages in one line of descent, a line that has meant an ever-new and more generous outlook for religion. The urge to fellowship above traditional barriers has always been a challenge to that other stream in religion which seeks to constrain and narrow the association of men to include only the believers in this or that little creed, forgetful of the great common ground of life on which we all stand, ignorant of the common humanity of which we are all a part.

These, then, are the two continuing streams in all religion: the stream of custom and tradition, and the stream of new creative, spiritual life. They flow side by side in every age and they can be found in every church and sect, and even in the human heart. But though they are always present together there has never been a time when they did not conflict, and out of this conflict between custom and criticism there have been born the great forward movements in man's religious thinking.

It is of the utmost importance to the religion of the future that we not only recognize these two streams which have always gone into the making of religion, but also that we realize how closely related they are to each other. It would be delightfully simple if religious progressives could seize upon the creative stream of criticism and seek to follow it and it alone. After all, this is the stream with the forward direction, and do we not owe to it all that is open, broad and free in the religious life of the race? Many have sincerely believed that they could declare war upon the stream of custom and tradition, upholding the superior values of the second stream, but the attempt to separate the two streams in religion has never quite come off; there is usually something artificial and forced about the result. Even liberalism has a tradition! It would seem that man cannot live by dissent alone, but that all human life, and religion too, needs some stabilities. We human beings are by nature yea-sayers as well as nay-sayers. What I am saying is that religion is never all settled and orthodox, nor is it ever completely creative and prophetic. These two streams seem to accompany each other in a kind of partnership; the partnership has its conflicts, and magnificent ones, which it must have if thought is to remain alive; but the partnership continues throughout the conflict.

How shall we understand this strange thing about

religion, this facing in two directions at once, forever the backward and the forward look and seldom either one alone? Nor does the paradox end there. It is strange enough that these two perennial streams forever flow side by side and are found together in every human crisis great and small. But still more strange is it that one stream seems continually to flow into the other; the creative and the critical always tends in the course of time to become rigid and settled dogma; the free and open fellowship turns, with time, into the rigid organization with its entrance fee, its blackball, and its orthodoxy. The process has been well put in this way:

> When an idea becomes established in thought, it almost invariably runs through a well-defined cycle. As an experience it takes shape in an idea, as an idea it expands into a principle, as a principle it hardens into a dogma, as a dogma it takes refuge in an institution that has a vested interest. Finally it may issue in symbol, and become merely an object of superstition and adoration. Thus what began as an idea that aroused men to action becomes at the last an anaesthetic that lulls men to sleep.

So it has gone in religion—the cross on which the martyrs died becomes the crucifix before which the superstitious kneel and await a magical salvation.

How shall we understand this? Is it not a monstrous thing that everything fresh and free and creative seems inevitably to settle down and become rigid; that the courageous heresy of one day becomes the respectable orthodoxy of the next; that the stream of life seems endlessly to lose itself in the all-engulfing stream of the living death that is conformity? It may seem so at first sight, but the thought loses its sting when we notice that the movement is not all in a downward and backward direction. There is also a reaction the other way! One of the genuine miracles of human life, at which we should never cease to marvel, is the miracle that brings a new turn, a creative spark, a convulsion of new life out of even the most settled and solid orthodoxy! It happened in the old Hebrew religion, when the great prophets of Israel rose from the ranks of the people who were oppressed by a religion of idolatry and superstition, and called in magnificent anger for a new ethical religion of justice and mercy in tones that still inspire us today. It happened in ancient Greece when out of the priestly religion of the mysteries and the cults there sounded the rational voice of Plato and the high ethical teachings of Aristotle. It happened again in the Middle Ages when John Huss, Wyclif, Servetus, and Luther excoriated the Roman Church for its corruption and ceremonialism and preached a new faith in the inward spirit as the foundation stone of religion. And the modern age has seen its Galileo, its Bruno, its Voltaire, its Tom Paine, its Channing, John Dewey, and Darrow, each in his own way holding out against the deadly pull of the stream of custom and tradition, each giving his own impetus to the creative stream of critical intelligence and ethical vision. Continually the new rises from the old and refuses to let it be! Forever, the creative genius of the human spirit challenges itself and sets itself new goals.

The whole story of religion has been largely an endless struggle between the theological and priestly stream and the ethical, prophetic stream—the settled and the unsettled, the certainties and the doubts—and is not this the essence of life itself? Are we ever free anywhere, do we ever want to be free, of that tension, that struggle between the two realities of our experience, the two strands in human experience that give life both its steadiness and its zest, its adventure and its rest? We could not be free of it if we would, for such is the nature of the life we live, such is the tension and conflict at the heart of religion, if it is alive and responsive to human needs. The free man, the free spirit, is he who accepts the two streams in his life, and keeps the tension between them alive. Here our responsibility becomes plain. The vital power of the stream of tradition and custom can simply be taken for granted; it is always there and needs no added power from the efforts of the living. But the tension that is the secret of life, the tension that spells the difference between static and dynamic religion, that tension is always in jeopardy. It can be maintained only by the grace of the living—by the play of their imagination, the sting of their doubting, the thrust of their independent thought, the courage of their vision.

No Begging Found in Japan

Tokyo.—For generations visitors to Japan have been surprised to find no beggars. World travelers have grown used to being surrounded by bands of vagrants in virtually every country on earth except the United States and the nations of northwestern Europe.

Despite the terrible whipping his country has had, the poor man of Japan still proudly refrains from begging. He may be out of a job—millions are. His home was probably burned—nearly half of the homes in the large cities of Japan were. He is short of clothes, food, and other necessities—yet he does not beg. Nor do his children, though a few will wistfully ask American soldiers for chewing gum.

Japanese orphans had a difficult time of it during the winter of 1945-46. Tens of thousands of youngsters lost their parents during the bombings of the spring and summer of 1945, and at the same time lost their homes, food, and clothing. When no relatives were left alive to take care of them, many sought a living by polishing shoes on street corners—a familiar sight in all Japanese cities. When winter came they could no longer sleep comfortably on the pavement or curled up in temple courtyards. Thousands took to the huge piles of debris that mark what were once prosperous residential areas.

During the coldest months a few fortunate ones huddled in front of the floodlights that the Allied Forces had placed to illuminate such things as directional signboards and principal buildings. Their warmth meant life to the ragged orphans of the war.

The welfare agencies of Japan are resolved to see that children do not have to spend another winter buried in the debris or huddled over Army searchlights. Most of the ragged ones have been gathered together and given necessary shelter. They will still be short of clothes and food, and it is likely that the buildings they are quartered in will be for the most part unheated. But they are through the worst, and the people of Japan can still proudly say: "We don't beg, not even our children, no matter how poor we are."

—By Howard F. Van Zandt
Worldover Press Correspondent

Nuremburg

HENRY HOLM

When the Nuremburg verdicts were announced, many Germans felt a genuine surprise and even consternation. In the preceding days the public had debated whether all the prisoners would be sentenced to death, as most people believed, or whether one or the other prisoner might save his life. This was thought possible in the case of Schacht. But no one ever believed the Nazi Government as such could ever be acquitted of the charge of being a criminal organization.

One group of employes in a branch of the Berlin Municipality who had joined in the spontaneous ten minute strike of protest, were summoned before the officers of an Occupying Power and seriously rebuked for protesting against the Allied judges. But their strike was rather against the leading war criminals who, they felt, had been dealt with too leniently. It was an expression of uneasiness lest the young and still weak German democracy suffer from the consequences of that verdict.

What are these consequences? The German people as a whole have often been reproached for not rebelling against their criminal government. Now this high court declares the Reich Government was not criminal. Why, then, the Germans ask, ought we to have rebelled against it? Von Papen once delivered a speech strongly attacking Nazi Party methods. But soon after, he accepted a diplomatic mission to bring Austria under the system he had attacked. Now he has been acquitted and, being an intimate friend of the Pope, may continue to exercise political influence at the Vatican. With what right, then, ask the Germans, are the less important Nazis still under arrest, who knew less and contributed less than von Papen to fortify the regime?

What attitude should genuine German democrats and socialists adopt toward the rank and file of the Nazi Party? First, it hardly serves a useful purpose to classify Germans as those who were in the Nazi Party, and those who were not. I remember a German saying in January, 1946, that as soon as possible we must have another war to chase the Russians back to the Urals. "And if that should reduce the German nation to 10,000,000? I objected. "That's all the same," was the answer, "the Russians must be driven out."

This man had never been in Hitler's party, so he was enjoying full political rights. But he is much more of a menace to the future than another man who, on the same occasion, said to me: "I was an enthusiast for the Nazi Party until September 1, 1939. Then I said to myself: 'The Nazis promised to keep peace. Either they have deceived us or they are unable to keep their promise. Both things are equally bad.'" But since he was once a member of the Party, he now has no political rights. Is this justified—but, above all, practical?

Recently I took part in a meeting of the "Victims of Fascism," where we discussed our attitude toward the "little party men." We agreed first that the whole nation could not be held guilty, since it had lost several hundred thousand people who opposed the Hitler regime and still numbered many victims of Fascism who had survived the horrors of prison and concentration camp. As to our attitude toward "little Nazis," two groups developed.

The majority had suffered too much from these Nazi scoundrels ever to shake hands with them again. They wanted all Nazis marked and banned forever. Others came to an opposite conclusion. The Nazi Party at its peak had, perhaps, 12,000,000 members. If all these were to be rejected, even those who, without thinking too much, "followed the crowd," they would be forced into a compact mass. Remaining thus a sharply defined entity, the party might grow dangerous again. Just now, owing to the Nuremburg acquittals, some of the really big men of the party are free. In one zone of Germany, the big economic leaders, though deeply implicated in Nazi activities, are enjoying almost complete liberty of action. It would be risky to put at their disposal masses of ostracized and disappointed little party men. Better to split the party up, to lure as many of the little party members as have not distinguished themselves by denouncing their fellow men, over to the democratic side.

It must, of course, be done with caution. Especially in the south, one of the two non-socialist parties has already been invaded by former Nazi Party members —and not always little ones—whose good intentions may be doubted. Political parties in general, zealous to enroll as many adherents as possible, tend to shut one eye, or both. For this reason the "Victims of Fascism" should remain intact and even be fortified as an independent political group. It can never be invaded by what are called "the little Pg's" (*Partei glieder,* or party members), and so could watch the political parties lest they too readily admit former Nazis. Perhaps the "Victims of Fascism" will now and then have to act as a brake—a thing they can do with necessary strictness, after what they have gone through in prison and concentration camp.

But will the world outside Germany understand if the political parties open their doors a little more to admit "the little Pg's"? Will it understand it as an unavoidable consequence of the Nuremburg trial?

Vital Asiatic Conference Slated for India

Traveling from thirty-two countries to the heart of the new India next spring, delegates to an inter-Asiatic Conference will face at Delhi some of the stiffest issues in the Eastern world.

They will deal in a constructive spirit will all major questions of international Asiatic relations. Some of the problems up for consideration are race conflicts, labor welfare, industrial development, transition from a colonial to a national status, the role of women in the modern world, and inter-Asiatic economic planning.

Host organization will be the Indian Council of World Affairs. Sixteen delegates are invited from each country. Women delegates were especially requested from movements in which they participate. Each country is requested to supply four scholars and experts, to observe and advise.

Japan and the Asiatic republics of Soviet Russia were among the countries invited. The Asiatic emphasis is in keeping with the growing realization that urgent problems can be solved only on the basis of wide international cooperation.

—*Worldover Press.*

Kirsopp Lake—Stimulating Scholar

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

The recent death of Professor Kirsopp Lake at his home in California, to which he had retired some years ago from his chair of Early Christian History at Harvard University, marks the passing of yet another milestone in the development of critical studies both in the sphere of the New Testament and in church history generally. Lake was one of the more important and stimulating of recent scholars in these fields and his work paved the way for considerable progress in scholarship. He was of more than ordinary interest to Unitarians and liberal religionists for more than one reason.

A former student of Lincoln College, Oxford, Lake was ordained into the Church of England as long ago as 1895 by Bishop Westcott of Durham. A short period as a curate in a North Country parish was followed by a curacy at St. Mary's, Oxford, the University church. He was already an authority upon the manuscripts of the New Testament, and Lake's earliest attempt at authorship was in connection with this subject. During his second Oxford period, Lake, who had formerly been a High Churchman, turned more and more to an advanced criticism and to a naturalistic approach to Christian origins. Unlike most English scholars, he possessed an objectivity which enabled him to make a valid assessment of such work as that of Loisy. Unfortunately, theological chairs in England are mainly under clerical and orthodox domination; no opening was found for the young scholar and, in 1904, he accepted the chair of New Testament studies at Leiden University. In 1913, Lake went to Harvard and his subsequent academic career was spent in America. Honorary degrees came from several universities and, in 1941, he was made an Honorary Fellow by his old Oxford college, a high honor but delayed far too long.

Lake first made a stir with his contribution to the Crown Theological Library, *The Resurrection of Jesus Christ.* It is a scholarly study of the evidence from the angle of comparative Synoptic criticism and reaches the conclusion that the disciples probably went to the wrong tomb and that an empty-tomb cycle of stories therefore became grafted onto the story of a non-material resurrection. This guess was only one of several valuable guesses which Lake made in the field of New Testament studies. One of his early books was the very important work, *The Earlier Epistles of St. Paul,* in which he assessed the part played by the Mystery Cults and Hellenistic sources upon Pauline Christianity. It was Lake's view that the effects were very considerable and that primitive Christianity was "Catholic" because Catholicism is older than Christianity. He traced the sources of Christian sacramentalism to the religious background of the Gentile world.

After the first World War, Lake came to the fore as a New Testament scholar of amazing power. Until his death, he was engaged in the editing of manuscripts but he was also known as the main mover behind the five vast composite volumes, *The Beginnings of Christianity,* which he edited with Professor F. J. Foakes-Jackson. Taking the Acts of the Apostles as their basic document, they seek to explore the whole environment. Some of the leading scholars of the day contributed to the undertaking but Lake's own contributions stood forth as masterpieces. In two conclusions, he struck an important note. Lake was never a Liberal Protestant and his assessment of Jesus was of a Mahdi-type of desert preacher, fitting into the context of his own age yet completely irrelevant to the major religious problems of the Twentieth Century. Again, he repudiated the Lukan authorship of Acts, a repudiation which opened the way to vast areas of reconstruction in the study of early Christianity. It was in these volumes that Dr. Montefiore defended the Pharisees against the attacks usually made upon them. The work was an impressive defense of the criticism of New Testament origins from the angle of comparative religion.

In several short books, *The Stewardship of Faith* and *Landmarks of Early Christianity,* Lake defended his point of view. He had become, in effect, a religious Humanist, rejecting the conventional and orthodox forms of super-naturalism yet defending the essential place of a basic religion within life. His *Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality,* delivered at Harvard, defends this viewpoint as does his highly important collection of essays, *Religion, Yesterday and Tomorrow.* In this work, Lake announced that he had gone beyond Modernism into Experimentalism, and he called upon religious liberals to follow him. The book also contains the best politico-religious study of the rise of Fundamentalism as a social force in inter-war America. He had broken conclusively with orthodox Christianity and, although legally he remained a clergyman of the Church of England, Lake's affiliations in America were definitely Unitarian. He was one of the great liberalizing forces leaving a decisive mark upon the American Unitarianism of the years after 1919. His last two books are well deserving of study. *St. Paul, His Heritage and Legacy* is an important defense of the attitude which Lake had come to defend in religion whilst his important essay in New Testament criticism, published just before the war, is a masterpiece of scholarly writing upon the subject.

It may be that developing research will modify some of the conclusions which Lake reached. On the other hand, for the liberal religionist, his major viewpoints will stand the test of time because they represent the movement away from supernaturalism. Lake had learned to apply scientific tests of comparison and experiment to the history of early Christianity and he was enabled to show its naturalistic origins. The admission of naturalism in this sphere was his final and lasting breach with orthodoxy. In an age when Barthianism and the like seeks to assert the orthodox propositions anew by methods of vulgar dogmatism rather than of rational argument, Lake's work forms a valuable and lasting corrective with its numberless illustrations of the shattering of dogma that has taken place in the modern world. The naturalistic reconstruction of early Christianity which he undertakes is the necessary and complete answer to the Barthian or other neo-dogmatist. But he goes further and seeks to provide too the outlines for a reconstruction of religion by a restatement of the religious values in terms of man. Professor Kirsopp Lake was a great historical theologian and it may well prove to be the case that he was one of the basic Unitarian thinkers of the

Twentieth Century by his use of his chair at Harvard University to give to a modern Unitarianism a much-needed emphasis of rationality and scientific method in religion.

The part played by Lake as a leader in advanced religious thought is of lasting importance as illustrating the drift of religion during the present century. *Religion, Yesterday and Tomorrow* is a strong plea for a religious Humanism. The author examines the authoritarian basis of faith as one who had known its appeal from within. His several reminiscences of his Oxford days and contacts with the High Church party among the Anglicans give to the analysis a personal interest. Lake has no difficulty in showing that authoritarianism has broken down because the old axiomatic foundations of belief have themselves become open to challenge. Prophecy and miracle can no longer form the background and motive for a living religion. Accordingly, religious experience must seek its formulations elsewhere. A devout Modernism is likewise far from satisfactory; it is a pouring of new wine into old bottles. The final demands made by advances in knowledge and experience refuse to confine themselves within the historic creeds of Christendom. Modernist attempts to restate the meaning of the creeds or to give to them a non-natural interpretation are bound to be unsatisfactory. In the last resort, the strain placed upon the phraseology is too great and a hiatus is bound to occur. The Modernist is compromising in his outlook, for he desires freedom yet refuses to do more than lengthen the chains which rivet him to the authoritarian and credal method. Lake pleads for a religious Experimentalism which, rejecting all authority, falls back upon the light lighting "every man that cometh into the world." Reason and experience are the torches which illuminate the path of the traveller of today. Authoritarian churches have failed because their authority has broken down and man is forced to fall back upon himself. There was no doubt in Lake's mind as to the significance of the Sixteenth Century revolution. Thought passed away from an *a priori* affirmation of the Deity of orthodox theology as its fundamental postulate and fell back upon the being of man; accepted philosophies discovered and made use of the scientific methods of comparison and experiment. In other words, the process had commenced which was to lead religion from supernaturalism to Humanism. In sketching out the results of this process within the contemporary world, Kirsopp Lake had some interesting things to say about the recovery of a narrowly Calvinistic orthodoxy in Holland and the rise of Fundamentalism in America. In both cases, they owed much to a superficial ecclesiastical democracy which placed ignorant and half-educated persons into positions of authority where they should never have been. The liberal pastors were voted out of the churches and young but ill-instructed enthusiasts for orthodoxy put into their places. Lake also gave a useful warning concerning the social and political implications of the Fundamentalist movement. A fanaticism for the authoritarian elements within orthodox Protestant Biblicism possesses definite economic implications. It is of interest that long after Lake's book had been published, *The New Republic* protested about Hitlerism in "the Bible Belt" and pointed out the extent to which political totalitarianism, and even acceptance of the aims of Hitler himself, had entered into the minds of some of the more fanatical pastors of the Protestant sects in the area. In an age when totalitarianism is a decided menace, Lake's warning should be recalled. Totalitarian views in religion go hand in hand with totalitarian methods in politics. A religious experimentalism is the application to religion of the same motives which have led to the rise of political democracy.

As a theological movement, the school of thought represented by Professor Kirsopp Lake is of lasting importance because it lays stress upon the syncretistic nature of early Christianity. In *Religion, Yesterday and Tomorrow,* Lake included an important essay entitled "Jesus," in which he laid stress upon the fact that the two main ideas governing orthodox Christology, "Son of God" and *Logos,* were Gentile ideas which could not have come from Jesus himself. Jesus, as a Jew, may have used the ideas of the Davidic Messiah and of "Son of Man" but these stand out of all relationship to the thought of today. His conclusion was that Jesus himself was a Mahdi-type of dervish preacher and had little or no relationship to the religious thought of the Twentieth Century. The theory is not only a blow for orthodoxy. It likewise attacks the old-fashioned Liberal Protestantism, with its "quest of the historical Jesus," and as such was denounced rabidly by Dean Inge in several essays. If it be accepted, it certainly means that the "Jesus-stereotype" of even some Unitarians is lacking in rational meaning. There is, in fact, an essential kinship between Lake's outlook and that expressed upon this subject by Harry Elmer Barnes in *The Twilight of Christianity.* Lake had stressed the syncretism of the orthodox portrait of Jesus and his stress was an extension of his general view of early Christianity. It is a syncretistic religion, owing its strength to its syncretism. Christianity gained Europe and lost Asia because it was able to defeat the mystery-religions by becoming a mystery-religion itself. Primitive Christianity was Catholic and sacramental rather than Protestant and Biblical but it owed its sacramental roots to a Gentile world which had formulated them from varied sources. Together with such scholars as the late Professor Percy Gardner, Lake completed the processes begun by Pfleiderer and others when they stressed the relationship of Christianity to other religions, and insisted that, in future, comparative religions must be one of the sciences considered by the New Testament critic. A comparative study of folklore has thrown a great deal of light upon the Gospel narrative. Not only does the approach deny the whole theory of a specific revelation in kind manifested in Christianity, the orthodox assumption, but it enables a great deal of light to be thrown upon the details of the Gospel-story as it was shaped in the primitive church. Form criticism, with its stress upon the artificial nature of the narrative, lends point and meaning to the approach already marked out by Professor Lake and his collaborators.

In one sense, the work of Professor Lake has given a challenge to advanced forms of religion. Much Unitarianism is still beneath the sway of approaches named by Elmer Barnes as "devout Modernism"; it has even yet to understand and assimilate the moderate universalism of Theodore Parker. Tied up by liberalizing notions applied to the orthodox tradition, it is also governed by a "Jesus-stereotype" which lacks fundamental justification. Lake carries one aspect of the Humanist controversy into the Unitarian camp by insisting that Modernism is not a resting place and that the experi-

mentalist method is the only valid approach for a Unitarianism taking full notice of contemporary cultural and theological tendencies. Certainly, the issue which Professor Lake raised is possibly the crucial issue for Unitarianism both in England and in America during the coming years; the various learned works which Kirsopp Lake gave to the world are among the more important basic documents in the controversy. Writing as a historian, he has put forth a mass of factual knowledge which has often been attacked but yet awaits refutation. Until this is undertaken, his generalized conclusions will possess both pith and relevance for many seeking to relate the Unitarian tradition to the broader implications of today.

A Young German Looks at His Generation*

EDUARD GROSSE, JR.

It seems grotesque for a young German to write about Germany today. What do German youth here in Berlin know about those in Munich, Stuttgart, or Hamburg? This country we live in is split into four parts hermetically sealed from each other. Only at your peril can you cross their frontiers. Not long ago Thuringia concluded commercial treaties with Greater Hesse —as though Maine were to negotiate an economic exchange with New York.

We in Berlin are farther from people in Frankfurt than we are in normal times from our friends in Chicago. And the situation grows worse. By order of Moscow the Communists talk about the union of Germany, but separate their own zone ever more sharply from the rest of the country.

Yet Germans, in spite of all, and especially young Germans, have a great deal in common. Young Berliners came home from this crazy war as much upset as young people in Bavaria or Saxony, haunted alike by memories of mire and blood. The bulk of them are tired of warfare, too, as was the younger generation in the great democracies. They were the first Germans in 150 years to see their own country destroyed by war. That works, even with Germans.

There are fanatics, of course, and people slow of comprehension to whom any aversion to Nazi doctrine means "a crime against your people." But these are a very small minority. A larger group of young Germans, returning from captivity, simply despair before the gigantic devastation. Without work, faith, hope, or sufficient food, these vegetate or tramp homelessly through the country.

Most of the younger generation, however, has work. They are doing their duty now as they did it in the war—without reflection, without confidence in a better future. The majority of young Germans—I say it with conviction—do not believe they will ever have a chance to live in other than bombed and bedraggled cities. These young people see Occupation Forces dragging one factory after another eastward, and thus, in their opinion, destroying the last chance of any return to a tolerable standard of living.

Politics does not interest them. "We were once betrayed by politicians," they say. "We want to live and work as human beings, but we don't want to be bothered by what you call self-responsibility and all that stuff." It is unsound—but it is the view of most young Germans in these postwar days.

There is, however, that section of German youth who fought the Nazis, who languished in concentration camps, but whose ideals the Nazis did not break down. These youth feel that democracy is the opportunity for all Germans to work their way up again, however impossible it may appear from an economic and financial point of view. A strong sense of individualism characterizes these people, as a natural reaction to the tremendous pressure of past years in mass thinking.

The future of young Germans will depend on the policy of the Occupation Forces. We know we are at the mercy of the Allies. The millions of children and youth must be dependent on decisions reached in London, Washington, or Moscow. As a German and a young man who went through the terror of concentration camps, I know the fury of the world's peoples against German brutes in the guise of human beings. But I know, too, that Germany and Nazism are not one and the same.

I know, also, that this country in the center of Europe—crossed by the most important traffic arteries of the Continent and linked with the fate of its neighbors —contains young people who wish to live as free and peaceful men among other free and peaceful men. In the midst of indifferent, hateful and tired people, they are in the minority, but they will triumph in the end. They will triumph because the cause for which they fight is good.

One day, when these German youth have grown into men, theirs will be the task of directing the fate of a German republic—provided the world outside does not give up the Germans, or abandon their country to its present chaos.

*Sentenced to death by the Nazis for work in the underground, the author of this report was saved by the disintegration of Hitler's forces. He is now editor of *Horizont*, a youth magazine in the American sector of Berlin. His article is released by Worldover Press.—*C.W.R.*

Economic Bill of Rights

In our day these economic truths have become accepted as self-evident. We have accepted, so to speak, a second Bill of Rights under which a new basis of security and prosperity can be established for all—regardless of station, race, or creed.

The right to a useful and remunerative job in the industries, or shops or farms or mines of the nation;

The right to earn enough to provide adequate food and clothing and recreation;

The right of every farmer to raise and sell his products at a return which will give him and his family a decent living;

The right of every businessman large and small, to trade in an atmosphere of freedom from unfair competition and domination by monopolies at home and abroad;

The right of every family to a decent home;

The right to adequate medical care and opportunity to achieve and enjoy good health;

The right to adequate protection from the economic fears of old age, sickness, accident and unemployment;

The right to a good education.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Western Conference News

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago 15, Illinois

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

"One thing must be true of the church in the future if it is to serve the needs, command the interest, and hold the loyalties of modern men, and that is that it must be a challenging church. It must have sufficient courage to challenge the stupidity and moral obtuseness of much of our conventional social practice. Above all it must be alert to challenge the super-arrogance of the State. The State is essentially a power unit, and a power unit that is not subservient to moral idealism is an extremely dangerous thing."

—*Tracy M. Pullman.*

THANKS

A genuine "Thank You" is extended to each of the following churches for the cash contribution made to the Travel Fund of the Secretary:

Cincinnati, First Church.
Ft. Wayne, Indiana.
Hinsdale, Illinois.
Keokuk, Iowa.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Quincy, Illinois.
Sioux City, Iowa.

A TIMELY TIP

The Davenport Unitarian quotes their trustees as saying: "As they have said before and as they will say again, where there's a Will there is a way to help the endowment fund of the church. If the Will points that way, the Will will reach the point."

ANGORA FIRST

The Angora, Minnesota, Unitarian Church, whose official name is the Independent Liberal Christian Church, was the first church in the American Unitarian Association to go over the top on its United Appeal share. Its rating was 139 per cent. Mrs. Milma Lappala Erkkila is the minister. Congratulations to them!

VIVA DES MOINES

Because of the splendid work on relief and the excellent publicity of the Des Moines Unitarian Church, a group of businessmen in a nearby town who raised $1,000 for European Relief sent the check to the Unitarian Service Committee.

EVANS WORTHLEY

Evans Worthley has just completed fifteen years as minister of the church in Iowa City. His anniversary remarks contained not only his well-known wit and humor but a real vision of what the future might be. The church went on record as approving a plan, originated by Worthley, whereby the Unitarians in cooperation with the Western Conference, the Division of Education of the A.U.A., and other liberal groups may have a greater influence and make a more effective contribution to the life of the University of Iowa.

YOUTH CONFERENCES

Two Youth Conferences were held recently in the Western Conference area: one for High School young people at Rockford, Illinois, on the weekend following Thanksgiving, and one for College youth at the Third Church of Chicago on December 7 and 8. Both conferences set records in attendance, enthusiasm, and constructive results.

GENEVA ASSEMBLY

At the meeting of the Board of the Midwest Unitarian Summer Assembly, the Lake Geneva Conference, on December 2 and 3, Randall S. Hilton was elected Dean for the 1947 Institute. The Board also approved and set up a more efficient staff organization. Among those on the staff are: Educational Director, Mrs. Dudley Moore, Detroit; Program Director, Mrs. Charles Johnson, Minneapolis; Youth Director, Rev. Jack Mendelsohn, Jr., Rockford; and Public Relations Director, Mr. W. A. Hambley, Milwaukee.

This summer will mark the Tenth Anniversary of the Midwest Unitarian Summer Assembly. It has grown from a group of about thirty-five meeting at Turkey Run State Park in Indiana, to a conference of over four hundred meeting on the shores of Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. It was the first to be organized outside of New England and is now the largest Unitarian summer gathering.

You will be hearing much more about the Geneva Conference in the near future. Start planning now to raise funds for scholarships and to attend. It will be held this summer at College Camp, Wisconsin, on Lake Geneva, from August 25 to September 1.

UNITED APPEAL SLIDES

A set of the United Appeal slides "Faith in Action" is now available at the Conference office. This "family album" of Unitarian activities is for your use if you desire it.

The success of the United Appeal is of extreme importance. Mr. Hilton is willing to help you in any way possible.

Faith demonstrated in dollars is an integral part of faith demonstrated in action. Where your heart is, there you will put your treasure.

ST. LOUIS

St. Louis again this year went well over its share for the United Appeal. At last report it had raised 151 per cent of its quota and money was still coming in.

BRAGG TO BOSTON

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association on January 8, Rev. Raymond B. Bragg, minister of the Unitarian Church of Minneapolis, was elected Executive Vice-President of the American Unitarian Association and Executive Director of the Unitarian Service Committee. Mr. Bragg will be in charge of the Division of Service which is one of the four major divisions of the Association. He has been a member of the Service Committee for several years and on two different occasions has served as acting director during the summer months. This is a position of extreme importance and one which offers an opportunity to be of exceptional service to the Unitarian movement.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY MIDWEST UNITARIAN SUMMER ASSEMBLY, COLLEGE CAMP, WISCONSIN, AUGUST 25-SEPTEMBER 1.